

Blood and Water

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Summary: The storm doesn't go as the tale we're familiar with goes. A different sibling is washed away. Prologue for the "Blood and Water" verse I'm co-writing with a friend on Ao3! Figured we'd post here too!

***Chapter 1*: Blood and Water**

Hey folks, been a long time since I put new stuff here huh?
I'm currently more active on my Ao3 (I'm Droory there too)
and am working on this AU for Golden Sun with my friend:
Sky!

Hope you've all been well and that you enjoy this fic!

The very earth quaking and trembling beneath them is what roused the majority of Vale from their slumber. Those who hadn't were quickly woken by the loud cracks and flashes of thunder and lightning as rain started to pound relentlessly against their homes.

Near everyone rushed to their windows or out of their homes to turn their eyes to the grand Mt. Aleph that held the town at its base. The pale light of the moon and the stars were blanketed by blackened storm clouds, their bodies twisting and melding around each other directly above the ancient peak. Thunderclaps roared out from their centre while light flashed within them before escaping down and striking whatever ground it found first.

Quakes continued to shake and rock the town of Vale breaking free boulders that tumbled down onto the village, crushing crops and blocking escape routes for some families as lightning ignited the trees around them. The downpour and gusts did little more than blind those trying to find their way down to the town square.

Those capable were running from the safety they had ensured their family had reached and up through the valley to hold off the fall of rocks and protect others to make sure

they could reach shelter. Of those hurrying to protect others, one was a man urging his wife to grab their son and go.

The woman hurried inside calling the boy's name, "Isaac! Isaac, hurry!"

The boy in question was frantically throwing his cloak over himself and flicking the hood of the garment over his straw-coloured hair. He had heard once before that monsters were attracted to panic and chaos and this storm was rife with it. Despite the Psynesergetic protection Vale had he quickly grabbed a short knife from his desk and strapped it to his boot before rushing out. Better safe than sorry.

"Do you have everything you need?" Dora asked, quickly tightening the cloak over Isaac's shoulders to be more secure.

He would have fussed and complained that now wasn't the time but there were more important issues, "Yeah, I'm good."

"Let's hurry to the pla-Kyle, what's wrong?" The woman's eyes were turned to the man as he stared upward towards Mt. Aleph.

"More rocks are falling. At this rate the Boulder will fall," Kyle's voice was calm, but the unmistakeable worry in his voice was hard to miss, "The people will need help, the sages are strong but they can only do so much. If the Boulder falls there's no telling what will happen."

Isaac blinked rainwater from his eyes as he turned them upward towards the ancient mountain at the top of their town. He had only heard of the Mt. Aleph Boulder a few times when he had overheard the elders speaking of it. Apparently it had been part of a large rock formation that blocked the entrance to Sol Sanctum. Generation ago the

sages of Vale had moved it so as to perform a pilgrimage into Sol Sanctum, placing the largest Boulder at the centre of the altar before the doors.

If a rock of that size was shaken free from its pedestal and tore through Vale-Isaac didn't even want to imagine the damage it could cause to the town. Fingers curled inward, nails digging into his palms as he exhaled in a small effort to calm himself.

"You and Isaac hurry to the plaza, I'll join you there when most of the rocks have been diverted," Kyle said with no doubt in his tone about his decision.

"I'm going with you."

Wide-eyed, Isaac's gaze snapped to his mother as she took a step closer to her husband and squeezed his hand.

The woman's eyes turned back to her son for a moment, "Isaac, you can find your way to the plaza safely, right?" Her voice was soft and motherly but the boy could see how worried she was.

Isaac understood of course. His father was putting himself in much more danger by trying to save others than he would be going to the plaza. If she was with him she could make sure things were alright, there was little danger in trying to get to the inn for safety.

Isaac nodded not wanting to worry his parents anymore. A short exchange between his parents escaped his ears, the pounding rain and booming thunder only letting him see the movements of their lips.

Within the next few moments he had been wrapped in the tight embrace of his parents arms before they were gone

and he was alone in the rain. He squinted through the darkness and rain, being careful to try and map the edges of cliffs and broken paths on the way to the Psynergy crystal at the centre of town.

He could make out the vaguest impression of Felix and Jenna's home below him. The path leading directly down from his home to the safety of the inn was blocked by rockslides and boulders. He wasn't stupid enough to try and clamber over mud and wet rocks to be faster, one misstep and he'd be tumbling down the cliffs of Vale.

Cursing under his breath he quickly headed north, the worst direction to go right now, to reach the one bridge that afforded him any hope of getting safely down through the town. Just as he ascended the cliff to the next level of town where the mayor's house rested he crashed into something. Stumbling backwards he managed to catch himself before falling down.

Wiping his eyes free of the water obscuring his vision he was met with three heads of bright red hair. The Jerra children. Kay, the eldest, was holding her baby brother Aaron securely in her arms while Gareth picked himself up off the ground. The child was crying, likely scared by the storm.

"Isaac! Where do you think you're going!?" Isaac was used to Kay using her "big-sister" voice on both him and Gareth regularly due to how often they played together.

"The path down by my house is blocked." Isaac spoke quickly and to the point, sparing only a moment to nod to Gareth in acknowledgment, "We'll need to loop around by the north bridge. Where are your parents?"

"Went to help out the sages," Gareth said as the family followed Isaac's lead northward, struggling to hold their

footing with the quakes and mud along their path.

Isaac nodded in indication that he heard Garet, looking at the rope-and-wood bridge in front of them that rocked and swayed dangerously. It was the only way across, Isaac knew, and if they didn't go across it as quickly as possible, the four of them would be trapped in that corner of Vale.

"You can't be serious!" Kay called as Isaac put his hands on either side of the rope, doing his best to hold steady, "Isaac, it's too dangerous!"

"We don't have a choice!" Isaac yelled back, "Kay, there's no other way across! Even if we can't make it to the plaza, the area just past Kraden's house is far enough away from the road of the Boulder that we should be safe!"

"We'll never make it!" Kay called back, screaming in shock as the storm rocked the bridge, causing Isaac to slip dangerously.

"If we stay, we'll die!" Isaac held out a hand, looking at the siblings, "We just need to get across the bridge, and then make a run for it!"

"Sis, if we stay here, we *will* die!" Garet said, before he grabbed her arm and began pulling her, grabbing Isaac's hand, "Isaac's right; if we can make it to Kraden's, we'll be safe!"

Kay didn't resist being pulled across the bridge, even as it rattled and shook across the turmoil of Vale's river, reminding the children that should the bridge break, or the Boulder came crashing into them, if they didn't die from that, the river would finish them all off.

They barely made it off the bridge, before the world began to shake. Kay screamed, pulling Aaron closer as she backed against the cliff-face that made Vale safe from invaders. Isaac and Gareth both stared at each other in horror, before they looked up towards Sol Sanctum, watching where they were sure the Boulder would fall, and crash into them, and end their too-short lives.

"Ahhh! The Boulder! It's falling!" Screamed one of the many people up with the Sages as multiple people's Psynergy activated, barely pushing the gargantuan boulder back up, only for it to slip and slide down towards Vale once more.

"Ugh..." One of the men grunted, "Ughnn... It's too heavy! We can't hold it for long!"

"If our Psynergy runs out, Vale will be destroyed!" One of the Sages snapped, staring in horror at the way the Boulder seemed to get closer, no matter how far back they managed to push it.

"We have to hold on until the villagers are safe!" Another Sage yelled in response.

A member of the group stopped, as if somehow, impossibly being able to hear Kay's screams, and looked back, before calling, "Hurry, children! *RUN!* It's just a little farther!"

"Come on, Kay, Isaac, Aaron," Gareth yelled, grabbing Kay and Isaac's hands, leaving Kay to balance Aaron in one hand, "Run! The Boulder is coming!"

Isaac and Kay nodded, beginning to run with Gareth-first, down the stairs carved into the cliff, and then to the west, where Kraden's house was.

"We just have to make it to the fence," Isaac said, gasping for air as they stopped with about a hundred feet left, "And then we'll be safe. Come on. We're close."

"But that keeps monsters from attacking us!" Kay protested, "We're safe enough in front of Kraden's house!"

"Monsters or Boulder, Kay?" Gareth snapped, "Besides, there's a pathway down there that, if we're lucky, we can use to cut across to the plaza, if need be."

Kay swallowed, but nodded after a moment, looking about ready to cry, "You're right. Let's get to the fence."

The four of them ran, only stopping when they had reached the fence.

The fence was mangled, crushed by a small boulder, with a man laying on the ground, covered in mud, an arm under the boulder, and a leg torn wide open by what looked like bite marks.

Kay gasped and promptly covered Aaron's eyes up, shaking a bit.

"Rockslide... Destroyed fence..." The man gasped out as Isaac made his way close, "Monsters... Everywhere..." The man looked at Isaac, smiling ruefully, "I'm hurt pretty bad... Do you think I'm gonna die, kid?"

Isaac swallowed, wiping at his face, trying to pretend his face was wet from the rain, and not the fact he knew he was crying, "Yeah," he said softly, barely audible over the rain, "You are."

"Get out of here," the man groaned in pain, "Get to the plaza. I don't think the monsters have gotten far, but... If

you stay here..."

Isaac nodded, watching as the man closed his eyes. And after a moment, he looked at the family he was with, and said, "Come on! Kay, you and Aaron stay close."

"What do you think you're going to do?!" Kay demanded, "You don't have any Psynergy that you can fight with!"

Isaac drew his machete. It wouldn't fight off any large monsters, or any wild animals; it was really only a light blade he used for chores, but if he had to stop something small, or buy time for anybody else to escape...

"I don't need to beat the monster," Isaac said seriously, "I just have to buy the time you all need to escape."

Garet frowned, before he drew his own machete, "We can probably both take a small monster or two," he said, "but we'd have to run."

Kay rolled her eyes, shaking her head, "C'mon, macho kids. We need to get going!"

With that, they took off running once more, struggling to keep their pace and balance as boots sank into the increasingly pliant earth, making slurping and suctioning-like sounds through the storm. Stumbling and staggering they pushed forward, eyes wary for any monsters waiting in the darkness around them, images of the poor soul by the fence fresh in their minds.

"There!" Garet's voice cut over the heavy patter of rain.

In the bushes just a few feet ahead was... something, movement for sure. Wary, the two blade wielders stepped

closer, motioning for Kay to stay behind and keep Aaron safe.

Leaves erupted from the bush as the creature burst forth, charging at the nearest target: Garet. He quickly yelped and dodged as best he could, trying to swing his blade at the thing all the same to no avail; the momentum of his body prevented his machete from being close enough to do anything over than wave around uselessly in the rain.

Isaac backed up in order to stay close to Kay. The beast now flanked on both sides by the boys. Confident, but afraid for Garet, Isaac slowly closed the distance between himself and it, eyeing up whatever this thing was.

Had Isaac not just seen it charge at them, he would never have guessed this mushroom to be a monster... Gods only knew how many others could be lying in wait in the surrounding area.

Easy, easy, you can handle this... Whatever Isaac told himself did little to stop the hammering he felt in his chest, the worry for Garet, the fear of what this monster could do, how many more there might be, that poor man by the fence...

Garet let out a yell, wildly waving his arms and drawing the beast's attention, prompting another charge. It was distracted! Isaac leapt after it, slamming the edge of the blade down upon the cap of the monster, making an assumption that the cap of the mushroom was the head.

Isaac sighed and panted, adrenaline and fear pumping through him and out with each breath as he saw the monster crumple and fall. He squinted as he watched small lights rise from the beast before resting onto his shaking hands and disappearing.

That wasn't so hard... yeah, yeah, I knew we'd be fine...

A scream.

Isaac whipped his head around. Kay sprinted towards them, a group of four or five of the same blasted beasts chasing behind her. Gareth bellowed and rushed forward, putting himself between the monsters and his family. Isaac dashed to Gareth's side and skidded to a stop next to him.

The rushing mushrooms came to a halt, their baleful gazes turning upon the two Adepts in the way of their initial target. Isaac felt his chest pound and tighten once more. Fear settled in, cooing softly in his ear that this was his last night, that he had been stupid and led not only himself, but Gareth and his siblings to death because he was scared of falling rocks.

Gareth brandished his blade back and forth warily, attempting to scare the mushrooms off. None of them had ever fought before; they never learned, there had never been a need. *Somehow*, by some miracle, they had taken one down. How were they supposed to handle five?

Beady eyes blinked at the four from beneath the shadowed caps of the mushrooms' heads as the monsters slowly swayed in the wind. The one in the middle of the group of five lunged forward, letting out a shriek that tore at Isaac's ears.

Gareth stumbled and slipped in the waterlogged earth on his right side, a short slash hacking its way across the mushroom's body. The force from Gareth's energy pushed him back, just a little too close to the river for comfort. Before he could readjust to be comfortable, however, another mushroom leapt over at him, and then one to Isaac.

The boys ducked and weaved and dodged the monsters, spending more time and energy avoiding being hit. Isaac's limbs felt like lead; he was worn out, his head throbbing and his hands sore from gripping the blade. They couldn't get hit by one of these things; common knowledge told Isaac that these things were most likely poisonous in one way or another. Isaac did not care to find out what contact with one would do.

Another haphazard slash and a roll through the mud led Isaac somehow with one mushroom less to deal with. More particles of light floated in the air around the mushroom. The three mushrooms that remained advanced on Gareth, who was struggling to regain his footing. The last mushroom still leered intently at Isaac.

Isaac darted his eyes between the mushroom in front of him, and the three in front of Gareth. Gareth swung his machete, hacking through half the stalk body, which detached from the sheer force of Gareth's blow. The half a body careened through the air, coming to a dead stop.

There was a moment of what was the closest thing to silence. Then the two mushrooms still on Gareth leapt at him, and all Isaac could do was screech as he watched his friend be swarmed.

A quick blaze of fire shot around Gareth and it incinerated the last two attacking monsters.

That wasn't Gareth's Psynergy. Before Isaac had time to think logically, he slashed at the mushroom, which had turned to run away. Once, twice, three times, before it fell, and Isaac stood there. His body trembled, and he could feel the tears coming down his face once more.

Isaac wiped at his face, trying to get the scent of what smelt of shredded grass out of his nose. Then, Isaac rushed to Gareth, shoving his machete into the sheath it was in.

"Garet, you okay? They didn't get you did they?" Isaac did his best to check Gareth over, seeing no physical signs that he had been hit..

"No... no, I'm good, I think that's the last of them." Gareth exhaled, grasping Isaac's offered hand and pulled himself up, "Thanks for the save, Kay."

The girl had quickly run up to them clutching Aaron to her chest, the boy whimpering and shivering from fear in the cold.

"I didn't get you did I? Sorry, I've never really done anything like that. Are you hurt?" The boys quickly waved down Kay's worries and calmed her, assuring her they were okay.

"We gotta keep moving." Isaac insisted, wiping off his blade and moving along their original path to the bridge, "The longer we stay here the better chance we have of getting attacked again."

The numerous shimmering lights that came from the bodies of the monsters slowly converged upon the four young Adepts, before disappearing upon contact. Squinting again at this strange phenomenon as he walked, Isaac decided it best to push it into the back of his mind for now as he felt no change for the worse from them.

Soon, it became too hard to hear what anybody was saying, the downpour only growing stronger around them. For a few moments, they had considered taking the bridge, but a quick glance at the multiple boulders on the other side rendered that idea inert. It was all too easy to imagine that it

may have been them underneath those boulders had they tried going south from their homes. So it was down the stairs they went, hoping beyond hope that they'd be safe.

Neither way was safe, especially not for Kay who was doing her best to keep young Aaron safe in her arms. The storm was causing the rivers to overflow well beyond where they normally were, causing the stairs to become slick with mud. Garet and Isaac both clung to either of her sides, hoping to be some kind of buffer, in the event somebody fell.

Somehow, they made it safely to the bottom. The river had swelled the most here, leaving the waterfall to send water cascading in every which direction, soaking the already-soaked children to their bones.

They could see Felix and Jenna's house from here, though. And if they listened, trying to hear over the whistles of wind and the crashing currents of the waterfall, they could almost make out screams and shouts.

So they ran towards the house.

It was getting difficult to see, across the field, with the rain's downpour only increasing. But the children held onto one another, not daring to risk them getting separated in the storm. And it seemed to be for the best, for when they reached Felix and Jenna's house, they could only see one of the children there-Jenna.

Felix was drowning.

"Felix, Felix wake up!" Jenna shook Felix awake as the house windows rattled. 'Get your brother up and go to the plaza', their parents had ordered. Jenna had nodded seriously, and taken to waking Felix up.

"Huh?" Felix mumbled as he sat up, bleary-eyed as he blinked at Jenna a few times, "Jen? What's going on?"

"The Boulder's gonna fall. Our house is in the path." Jenna explained.

Felix was out of bed instantly, grabbing their tunics and tugged on his in a swift motion, simultaneously handing Jenna's to her, "Let's go."

They headed for the door by the bridge, Jenna behind Felix, only for a boulder to come crashing down, destroying part of the bridge, sending Felix careening over the side. Jenna screamed his name. Felix barely had grip of a pole that used to support part of the bridge.

"Jenna, you need to go to the plaza and find help," Dora gently shook Jenna back into the present, "Nobody here has any Psynergy left, and the rope won't reach."

"Ye-yes ma'am," Jenna nodded, taking off through her house and out towards the stairs. Out of the corner of her eye, she could swear she spotted Garet, his family, and Isaac, but she ran and refused to stop for no person.

Every step took her *away* from her brother and she hated it but she pushed forward desperately, slipping in mud and rain slick rocks, trying to get to whatever help she could find as soon as possible.

What if she was too late? What if she got back and Felix was just *gone*? What if the Boulder fell before she found help? What if everything was crushed and missing by the time she got back to her home?

She wiped at her eyes to be rid of tears, a futile effort with the rain lashing against her face, her feet carrying her

quickly to the entrance of Vale. She hit the plaza running, proceeding to gab her mouth off-begging for help from anybody willing to listen.

But there was no help to be found. Valeans were scattered about the plaza, children crying and calling for their parents, families huddled together to get whatever shelter they could from the storm, injured lying outside and being turned away from the overcrowded inn.

Jenna rushed between all of them, begging and pleading to whoever might listen or look able enough to help her save her brother. Eventually, another Valean agreed, going to the Psynergy Stone in the center of town to charge his Psynergy.

"Jenna!"

Jenna spun around, watching Isaac and Garet come closer to her. She felt like crying, from the concern on their faces, "Felix-he-he's drowning. We need help-"

"We know." Isaac tried to seem calm with his reply, "We came to help-"

"Alright!" The man at the Psynergy Stone: Jacob, declared, "I'm as full as I'm going to get. Let's go save Felix!"

Jenna felt ready to cry from relief, taking off running once more, "This way!" She yelled, not stopping for anything.

Rushing and clambering up the cliffside staircases as quick as her feet would safely allow, Jenna guided Jacob back to her home, hoping, *praying* to whatever Gods or avatars might listen, that her brother was still there when she returned.

Every step was another glance tossed upward to the gateway to Mt. Aleph. Jenna could just about make out the glow of Psynergy at the top of Vale, casting a sickening light on the Boulder trying to tumble forward and crush those keeping Vale safe for as long as they could.

"Jenna, hurry!" Dora called, as the girl reached the bridge overlooking her home, "The Boulder is about to fall!"

Jenna pulled on Jacob's hand as they crossed the bridge once more, leading him down to where her brother was. Jacob got as close to the river's edge as he dared, physically reaching out toward the drowning boy in his best effort to summon powerful enough Psynergy to bring him safely to shore.

Jenna's breath caught in her chest, unable to draw any in or out, as she watched the silvery glow of Psynergetic rings encircle the man before a large white hand emerged from the air. It struggled forward and she could see how much effort Jacob was exerting as he pushed it farther and farther before it dissipated into a shower of sparkles.

Her breath escaped all at once in a desperate sob, she had tried so hard to get help but it was useless and her brother was struggling because of her. Dora's arms wrapped around the girl protectively.

"You're too far from him!" She called to Jacob, "You'll have to get onto the bridge to have any hope of reaching him!"

Immediately Jenna disentangled herself from Dora's embrace, disregarding the calls of her, Isaac, and Garet, as she seized Jacob's hand and hurried him through her house and to the bridge Niels, Lunete, and Kyle were on.

Silent glances and hurried movements happened in a blink as the parents, having seen Jacob's attempt, rushed to get him as close to Felix as they could. Again Jenna's breath caught as the rings of Psynergy pulsed around Jacob and the hand formed again.

She watched as it drew closer to him.

Don't breathe.

She watched it struggle to push forward and down low enough for her brother.

If you breathe you'll break his concentration.

She watched it ball into a fist around him.

Don't make a noise.

She watched it float back slowly.

Almost. Don't ruin it.

She watched the fist dissipate as her brother was dropped onto the bridge into the arms of their mother.

An elated scream burst from Jenna's mouth as she rushed to squeeze her brother to her. She didn't pay attention as the parents and Jacob offered hurried thanks and advice to hurry off the bridge, or that she herself was being ushered back to her house and to safety.

Felix looked so small, so helpless. She was scared. She had never seen her brother like this, but he was breathing, his eyes fluttering open and closed as he struggled to retain consciousness.

A crash.

A second.

The whole world shook as the sounds of crashing grew louder and louder over the din of the storm.

Jenna froze. They all did. All eyes turning to the cliff above them.

Jenna could see it all. The Mt. Aleph Boulder crashing past the Valeans trying to hold it back, how it careened with senseless destruction down the path the river carved into the mountains Vale had nestled itself into. It pushed past Isaac and Garet's homes, pushed down the river-and then Jenna needed it in her mind no longer.

"Jenna, hurry!" She felt herself be shoved and ushered forward by her parents, the world still shaking all around them as they hurried toward the door to safety.

Jacob was already there holding the door open wide to resist the battering winds to allow safe passage. Every few seconds there was another crash and then another, every time getting louder, every time shaking the valley even more.

Lunete placed Felix onto Jenna's shoulders, doing her best to hurry her over the threshold, not wanting them all to get jammed in the door trying to hurry through and prioritising the children's safety.

And then the shadow was upon them.

Jenna shoved Felix forward as far as she could into the house.

The last thing she heard was him screaming her name before the world went black.

When Isaac found himself capable of moving once again, he found himself rushing into Jenna's home. He saw her get inside. Her mother pushed both she and Felix in, she must have been there.

The house was all splinters and beams from where the Boulder had torn it apart. Jacob was collapsed on the ground gripping his leg where a wooden board had splintered through it. Felix was collapsed a safer distance away.

Where was Jenna?

Sh-She had Felix with her. Where was she gone? *Where was she!?*

Isaac hurried around doing his best to find any trace of his friend.

But there was none.

His father was gone.

Jenna was gone.

Her parents were gone.

He stood dumbstruck for the longest time.

When at last he came to, Garet was by his side, doing his best to rouse him and say they needed to get Felix to safety. Dora was doing her best to help the injured Jacob out of the house. Isaac nodded blankly before his senses returned.

"Felix," Isaac called, crouching down beside the boy and trying to wake him. Isaac pressed a hand to Felix's neck, trying to remember tutelage from Kraden about how to

check if someone was alive. It took a moment to find Felix's heartbeat, but once it was found, Isaac relaxed a bit.

Felix should wake up, Isaac hoped.

"Garet," Isaac's mind was racing. Felix was okay. There might still be a chance to save Jenna! To save his father! There might be something they could do! "Garet, we have to go get help before Jenna and everyone else drown. Come on!"

But Isaac had no response. Not from Garet, or anybody else. Isaac felt his body run cold, before he took off running. He wanted to tell himself it was shock, but when he ducked down the long run to the next part of the village, he couldn't help but overhear a blood-curling conversation.

Two voices, that he could make out. They were speaking in more of growls, and hisses, than actual words. One was deeper, more snarls than anything, and the other, higher pitched voice spoke in more hisses. It hurt Isaac's ears to listen, but he was too afraid to move, for fear that whatever monster was talking would hear him, and follow.

"Isaac! Wait!"

Upon hearing Garet's voice cut across the monsters' voices, their conversation hushed. Isaac tried to hush Garet, but to no avail. The monsters showed themselves, climbing down from the side of the cliff they had been on.

They looked like people from nightmares, Isaac thought. Both of them, well over six feet tall, the man—presumably the deeper voice Isaac heard—with blue skin, and red eyes, with a face that reminded Isaac of the stories of dragons, filled with sharp teeth and angular features, of a monster that was the raw power of alchemy. The woman looked little better, her

skin a molten colour that made Isaac think of fire, and nothing but flames.

Truly, the people of the outside world were monstrous.

"You were eavesdropping on us just now... Weren't you?" The male monster's question came out in a heavily accented snarl, the words barely understandable, which only added to his terrifying visage.

Isaac shook his head frantically, unable to find his own words.

"Isaac..." Gareth reached out to grab Isaac's hand, "Isaac, they look *terrifying*. Are you sure we should be talking to them?"

"You must forget everything," The female monster hissed.

"H-how?" Isaac squeaked out.

"Don't worry," she cooed, almost sounding normal for a few seconds, before charging in at the two boys, "I'll help you forget!"

Before Isaac and Gareth had a moment to react, she lifted a hand, the beginnings of Psynergy being cast. The blue rings formed around her, and before Isaac and Gareth could run, their bodies were engulfed into flames.

As they fell, Isaac barely managed to keep his eyes open, in so much pain that he thought he was dying.

"Heal them," Saturos ordered as the children fell, "Now, Menardi."

"Why?" She rolled her eyes, "They saw us. We can't have them babbling to everyone."

"What's more likely to happen?" Saturos began angrily, gripping her arm, "They *may* remember, and tell someone, who *may* believe them, or people see that two children were killed by Psynergy-and powerful Psynergy, at that-and realise that no, it wasn't a monster that attacked these two boys on the way to wherever they were going, that it may have been the strange visitors who were supposed to have left."

Menardi growled for a moment, before she put a hand on either child, "Fine, fine, I'll heal them. Only because it's an order to, O Almighty Warrior."

Saturos growled, but as Menardi channeled her Aura Psynergy, he decided some fights are worth having. Once the two children were healed though, the two took off into the night.

Felix found himself in a bed that was not his. He groaned softly, his lungs feeling weak and fuzzy, his body too warm, and exhausted. The storm seemed like a blur, a dream with strange rules that should not have actually applied themselves.

"Oh, Felix, you're awake!" Felix's grandmother came into Felix's vision then, looking horribly distraught as she cupped Felix's face, "We were so worried about you, my little one."

"Grandmother...?" Felix asked softly, biting his lip and groaning softly, "Whe-where's Mom, and Dad, and Jenna?"

"Oh, my darling," Grandmother murmured, "We... We couldn't find them."

Felix collapsed into his Grandmother's arms, eyes wide.

He remembered.

He saw it.

The tears flowed freely as his weakened body shook from the strain of it all.

He saw his sister get crushed.

Sky: Thank you for reading! Droory and I have had this idea circulating for the better part of a year, and we look forward to seeing you guys enjoy what we've come to think of as our Blood and Water 'verse.

Droory: Hey, like Sky said thanks for reading! We hope you enjoyed it and look forward to continuing this idea!
Thanks again!
Your friend and writer,
Droory